

The Daily Union Telegr.
THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 6, 1865

The Glorious Celebration.

The Fourth was celebrated here last Tuesday in a style and manner worthy any city of our size in the East or in the West. It was a great, a grand, a joyous gala day in Salt Lake City and Camp Douglas. The custom of commemorating the Nation's birth came to us with a new significance, at this special time—with a country tried and proved. It was, as well, a celebration worthy of the great cause of Union and Independence—worthy of our redemption from threatened national destruction. It was worthy the principles which its founders fought to popularize, and worthy of the Peace which our brave troops triumphantly have won. It is thus cherishing the remembrances of patriotism, that our people will learn to love nationality, obey the laws, and foster freedom of speech and action in these mountain cañons.

What did we commemorate? Not brave contended battles, big with interest to a monarch's throne. Not startling heroism to bold subjects still in slavery, while crowning some great petty tyranny with freedom. No. We commemorated the great truth which philosophy and religion have been teaching for nearly nineteen centuries—the immortal Declaration of the equality and the rights of man, which has made us a great nation, multiplied our thirteen struggling colonies into thirty-five great States, Territories rich in precious metals and in patriotism as well—that Union, which has enlarged our empire,—and enriched our wide domain—that Flag, which has clustered to its azure field the emblems of nearly two score of sovereignties in one—the glory of every loyal heart.

THE FOURTH IN TOWN.

At sunrise a salute of thirteen guns was fired; after which, the "Stars and Stripes" were hoisted high o'er many a public and private building through the city. Presently the sound of martial music brough the people on the streets so that after breakfast tens of thousands were on the go, and going for the grounds of rendezvous.

THE PROCESSION

Through the principal streets was a pageant of immensity in numbers and appearance. It was about a mile and a half in length, and took from thirty to forty minutes to pass a certain point. The flags and banners streaming from the heads and centres of the several columns; the coaches, carriages and wagons adorned with designs and replete with the Stars and Stripes; the lively music from the bands; the throngs of spectators on foot, on horseback and in carriages at every crossing of the streets; the insignia and workshops of mechanics and artisans, blacksmiths, carpenters, painters, artists, gunsmiths, tinsmiths, photographers, etc., etc., added an air of interest and reality to the mass of moving humanity. The telegraph force with their veritable "machines," the Overland Mail Coach, with appropriate emblems, flags and evergreen, the Overland Stage Coach with its corresponding display of mottoes, flags, etc., the mammoth "Monitor" on wheels, with the graceful "Goddess of Liberty" (Miss Hunter) standing in the Temple's dome; the sons of Vulcan with their forge; the butchers with their meat carts; the horticulturists with their mammoth bouquets, flower wreaths, cornucopias filled with luscious fruits; the thirteen young men, representing the original colonies; the thirty-five young ladies, representing the States; the nine young ladies, representing the Territories; the three or four hundred young ladies of the Musical and Dramatic Associations; the Masters and Muses of the several schools; the citizens on foot, on horseback and in vehicles, all combined to make the grand procession an imposing, grand success.

Just think of it, ye distant readers, of two hundred young ladies of seemingly the same size and years—about the interesting age of eighteen—in double file—followed by squads of sixties or hundreds, of different (but also uniform) age and dress. If we were asked the question after this, "What's the chief product of Utah?" we would unqualifiedly answer "Girls!" They, those several companies of young ladies and Muses were dressed in the sweetest attire of good taste—white, with blue sashes, charming toilets, white flower wreaths, white kids, rosettes, parasols &c., perfectly aggravating, en masse, to the mass of masculine spectators. At the seminary exhibitions in the cities of the east, the girls couldn't "get themselves up" in better shape than those appeared on this occasion.

AT THE BOWERY

There must have been ten thousand in and about the new temple or tabernacle square, and in the "Bowery," to hear the speeches, songs and other exercises. Judge J. F. Kinney read the Declaration. The oration was delivered by Geo. Q. Cannon, a dignitary of the Church. Hon. J. M. Ashley, being present, made a short speech, appropriate to the occasion. Toasts were offered; and after music and prayer the exercises closed, while a National salute was afterwards fired by a detachment of artillery.

AT CAMP DOUGLAS.

At twelve a National salute was fired. At one a grand parade was had, attended and admired by a number of spectators and visitors from the city. Presently carriages from the city, and visitors on horseback commenced to arrive, and were hospitably taken hold of by the good denizens of Camp. Hon. J. M. Ashley and party, together with Mayor Smoot and distinguished members of the city's civil and official representatives arrived. The Camp Theater was crowded with citizens and military, fair ladies and brave men of camp and city, to hear the very eloquent oration of Rev. N. McLeod, portions only of which we are able to give our readers, consistant with the variety demanded by the columns of a daily paper. But in thus giving here and there a portion of the learned speaker's speech, we have aimed at abridging it so as to have the reader enjoy as near as possible an idea of the complete whole, in spirit and in structure. This was the next practicable thing that we could do, as the oration entire would fill five columns. The Declaration of Independence was read by Capt. Stillman, who did so in a creditable way, prefacing the same with these remarks: "There has perhaps been no period in our national existence, since the day that gave birth to this illustrious document that has furnished so fitting occasion for it as the present. It is, as it were, the meeting and greeting of 1776 with 1865. We have the proud privilege of living to enjoy the benefits and realize the predictions of that glorious and gallant band from which it emanated." Chief Justice Titts officiated as President of the interesting occasion. Hon. J. M. Ashley favored the large audience with a speech, the band made music, and the meeting adjourned to re-assemble at the several hospitable tables, as per description in another column.

The Fourth of July was a grand, gala day in Great Salt Lake City, long to be remembered with pleasure and with pride. A magnificent house at the City Theater and a pleasant party at the Library Rooms closed the celebration.

The following is portions of the ORATION

delivered at Camp Douglas by the Chaplain, Rev. N. McLeod.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Fellow Citizens:—This is a glad day, the most glorious Fourth that ever dawned upon the Republic, richer in the elements of progress, fairer in promise for the future, pouring its splendors over the mountain tops of the land we call our country, flooding with light and hope the valleys of conflict and of death, kindling ten thousand fires of glad anticipation and deathless promise for the oppressed and downtrodden millions of Europe and the world, proclaiming that liberty, in its last battle on American soil, is victorious, and the wrongs and oppresses of ages avenged.

Yes! this is a thrice glorious day. Where is the patriot whose heart does not beat high with hope, to-day, for his country, and for the triumph of the principles for which we have made so many, and such costly sacrifices.

While paying the tribute of tender sorrow to the fallen brave, the martyrs of liberty, that at Donelson at Shiloh, at Chancellorsville, at Petersburg, and everywhere on America's broadest battle-fields, slumber beneath the soil redeemed by their blood; and while recognizing, with lofty pride, the great deeds of the illustrious heroes who still live, to receive the crown of the nation's gratitude, to be welcomed home as the deliverers, and everywhere garlanded as victors; let us rejoice, with a calm and chastened joy, the indications of stable peace, and in the outgoings we are already permitted to behold of the exceeding glory of the coming destiny of the Republic.

To-day, the storm of battle is stilled, the warning elements calmed the conflict that for four years raged and deepened, rending a continent and spreading dismay through the heart of a world, is ended; the cloud that closed dense and mournful, clothing it in the habitments of woe, presaging direful disasters, the utter chaos of Republican institutions, a sepulcher for our fondest hopes, over which resurrection morn would ever dawn, is rolled away by the hand of the Eternal God. The sun of justice, progress, and liberty, is bursting through the terrible gloom, shining more resplendently if it had never been veiled, by the storm of disaster, and obscured by the night of peril.

Complementing our present position and the inevitable future that awaits us, we have not cause for gratitude and hope. The storm that swept the bosom of the Republic, threatening to engulf our fondest hopes, has but purified the atmosphere, imparting to it new elements of national life; what seemed to be the forces of destruction have, by the divine touch of liberty, been transformed into the powers of greatness and of exceeding grandeur to the Republic; it is only the morrow after the conflict, it is only the dawn of liberty, yet hear it thundering in the heavens, pealing over the earth's islands and continents, "from henceforth, America shall be one and undivided;" the sunnier Union shall be re-united on a new and staple basis, the separated States shall now be married again, and for Eternity.

From the soil, fertilized by the blood of so many and such costly sacrifices, blessings shall yet spring to all people. Liberty shall now be the law of the broad land we call our country; truth, justice, and righteousness, shall everywhere prevail, and the principles and the systems that are opposed to these, torning across the line of their advance, and will, go down forever. The nation has at last been educated into faith in principle and confidence in truth; after this we will have less of policy, and more of righteousness in our laws and in all the acts of Government. The word, expediency, when divorced from right principle, will be abhorred and loathed, as a word of peril and of shame. It has been made the shelter of many, the garb of seeming purity, covering the heart of corruption; the mantle of pretended wisdom, concealing the madness of folly; Right will henceforth take the place of expediency. Oh! my country! what hast thou not sacrificed for the precious boon of Liberty, Justice and Union, the pillar strength for all coming ages! Let me live to guard the fame of thy glorious dead, to give immortality to their memory, to enrich and to embellish, by our virtues, the Republic they have died to redeem; and forever more let the memory of Washington and Lincoln, the Father and Savior of their Country, live in the hearts of their countrymen and the lovers of liberty and humanity everywhere throughout the world.

Even while we are bemoaning in sorrow over the graves of our fallen heroes, never had we such cause to hope for the Republic and for the interests of humanity, committed to her sacred guardianship, and to be shielded as her life.

With the Union virtually restored; with fruitful causes of division and strife eradicated; with new elements of beauty and power everywhere at work; and processes evolving under the sanction and the smile of God; to exalt, enoble and embellish the once torn and divided nation; to wipe her tears, to heal her wounds, to restore her waste places; to uplift her to a prouder position than ever among the nations; investing the name of American citizenship with a sort of divine sacredness; giving it an ardently coveted by lofty minds, than all the boasted titles in the heraldry of despotism; and with the old starry flag floating in the breeze of every State, waving in proud and undisputed supremacy over the broad inheritance, every star gleaming in new and awful splendor, even though draped in mourning for the great fallen patriot, the immortal Lincoln, how hopeful the prospects now dawning upon the Republic!

In the enlightened convictions, that the chaste affections, and in the deathless

purposes of the people; how strong, and imperishable, even to-day the pillars that support the temple of our liberty; what power, less, than the Almighty's will be able to shatter, or overthrow them; in every endowed heart, in every orphaned heart, in every bereaved home, where the tears of sorrow flow, for the unreturning brave; we have now new fortresses of defence, for the Republic; in the very anguish of her numerous mourners, I see the elements of her greatest hope; the invincible reserves, marshaled by adversity, to bear her draped banner, to ultimate victory. As never before, in the most prosperous days of the Republic, we have God! and all the forces of God, on our side; and if God be for us, who can be against us.

But to appreciate the grandeur and strength of our position, as after four years of terrible war, we stand victorious, chastened, but enabled; to be able to take in something of the glory of our country, when the seed principles, scattered broadcast in her battle furrowed fields, watered with the blood of her magnanimous sacrifices, and with the fructifying dew of her mighty sorrows, shall ripen into a harvest, on the plains of America.

Let us briefly review the past; retracing the path of toil, peril, and sacrifice, by which we have reached the proud eminence of progress; the lofty mount of vision, from which to-day, though saddened, we gaze exulting.

In thought then: I go back to the period of the great uprising; when by nameless taunts and insults, and at last, by the crowning act of treason, the firing upon the old flag at Sumter, a mighty people were roused, to precipitate themselves in masses of valor, on the living foe, and to achieve the stupendous purpose of liberty or to perish in the attempt; and how grand and stirring, yet saddening, and appalling, the scenes I everywhere witness, on the broad arena of my country; what war preparations, what a girding up of manhood, for the dreadful strife.

I see the thousands of my countrymen, leaving their peaceful avocations, abandoning the farm, the shop, the desk, the study, the marts of trade, and the halls of learning; tearing themselves away from home, and from all earth's loved and endearing scenes; crowding in eager bands, in vast multitudes to the contest of organization, to the camp, and to the field; calm with the deliberations of valor, but glorious, with the purposes of freedom; at the call of patriotism, pressing on to war's fiery front, welcoming death itself, for the honor of the Republic.

I see the virgin daughters of America, pale with the agony of the suspense, with the anguish of the separation, as their lovers go forth to meet death, on the battle-fields of the Union to secure to humanity its rights, and to freedom its dominion.

I see the wife, clinging to the manly form of him whom she will perhaps never more behold, yet by her brave words, and her noble sentiments, inspiring him to manhood's high resolves, to die if needs be, in the right, to follow the old starry flag as it flashes its splendors on the foe, even though life to her should be made a blank, and her grave should separate them.

I see the young darlings, too, gathered around, sobbing out their tender farewells, giving up their father to their country, becoming orphans, that the Republic may live.

With such interests as the Republic had at stake, with such reserves as she had on her side, with God and Liberty burning in the van of the battle, all the powers of earth combined, could not tear down her starry flag, impede her sublime advance, or rob her of the victory; principles, sentiments, ideas, these are the powers mightier than armies; at last, the consciousness of having God, Right and Justice, on their side, gave power an invincibility to our armies. Yes! God Almighty moved with our banner, and at last covered it with imperishable glory. The thunder has gone forth, I hear it thundering in the heavens, pealing over the earth's islands and continents, "from henceforth, America shall be one and undivided;" the sunnier Union shall be re-united on a new and staple basis, the separated States shall now be married again, and for Eternity.

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"Just as the bee collects her sweets,
From every shrub and flower she meets,
What from many a source we drew
We give, tho' not the whole as new."

National Anthem.

AIR—Old Hundred.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

God of the Free! upon Thy breath
Our flag is still for right unfurled,
As broad and brave as when its stars
First lit the darkness of the world.

For duty still its fold shall stream,
For honor all its glories burn,
Where truth, religion, valor, guard
The patriot's sword and martyr's arm.

Though demons strew our ruler down;
Though wrapt in woe, the nation still
Shall march in its benignant path
With steadfast hope, unswerving will.

No tyrant's impious step is ours,
No lust of power on nations rolled—
Offering for friends a starry sky,
For foes a storm in every fold.

No slaves shall blast our clime,
But evermore on wave and sod,
Only one master's shadow fall—
The golden shadow cast by God.

Others we'll keep the nation's life;
Nor fear the bolt by deports hurled;
The blood of all the world is here,
And they who strike us strike the world!

Then, still rear high thine oak, O North!
O South, weave answer with thy palm!
All in our Union's heritage!
Together sing the nation's psalm!

MERCYN POLITICIANS AND STRAWS
SHOW WHICH WAY THE WIND BLOWS.

MANY MINDS THAT ARE NOT FAR
REACHING ARE OVER-REACHING.

HYPOCRITES WEAR LONG FACES,
JUST AS IF THEY SUPPOSED THAT GOD
WERE AN UNDERTAKER.

EVEN PLAIN GIRL HAS ONE CONSO-
LATION. IF SHE IS NOT A PRETTY
YOUNG LADY, SHE WILL, IF SHE LIVES,
BE A PRETTY OLD ONE.

A MAN MIGHT OFTEN EARN ENOUGH
MONEY IN THE TIME HE WASTES
IN VAINLY LAMENTING THE WANT OF IT.

NATURE NEVER FILLS OUR HEARTS
WITH MORE OF HER BEAUTY THAN
WHEN WE ARE RECOVERING FROM
SICKNESS. LIKE A MOTHER, AS SHE
IS, SHE THEN LEANS OVER US, LOV-
INGLY AND SMILES HER SWEETEST
SMILES, AND KISSES US INTO BEAUTI-
FUL DREAMS.

California Troops in Nevada

FORT CHURCHILL, June 20.—Thinking that some of your readers might wish to learn of the doings of the California Battalion which has recently come among you, it occurred to me that perhaps a short sketch of our march over the mountains and the subsequent disposition of the troops might not be uninteresting to many.

The battalion consists of two companies of the Sixth Infantry, California Volunteers—Company I, under Captain A. Hahn, and Company D, under Captain J. H. Hill, and all under the immediate command of Major M. O'Brien, a thorough soldier and perfect gentleman, who looks out for the interest of his men and is extremely popular.

The command left Benicia Barracks on the evening of the 3d and arrived here on the 14th, making the trip in eleven days. We came from Benicia to Sacramento by steamer, and thence to Latrobe by railroad. The first day thereafter we marched eighteen miles, and the following days from eight to twenty-two miles, the men, as a general thing, standing the trip exceedingly well. Upon our arrival here we found but twenty-five or thirty men in garrison. After a rest of three days, once were received for Company D together with Company B of the Second California Cavalry to proceed to Surprise Valley. They left on the 19th and, if they should succeed in finding the redskins, you may expect to hear a good account from the California boys.

Now, that there is a sufficient force among the Indians to conquer an effectual peace, I say let it be done, and forever remove the prevailing fear of the treacherous aborigines; for, were it not for their depredations at times, your beautiful State would ere long be extensively populated, and a multiplicity of smiling towns dot the valleys that now remain in their primitive loneliness and pristine beauty. An extensive tract of country would be opened to the hardy prospector, and as time progressed you would be called upon to chronicle "huge strikes," "big yields," and "immense dividends." The fact is patent to every intelligent mind that the mineral resources of this State are as yet undeveloped. It is the opinion of many with whom I have conversed that when the Indians are effectually subdued, this State will march on to wealth and greatness with gigantic strides. Not in the annals of civilization can an instance be found of a country improving, as this State has within the last four years. But this is a progressive age, and, verily, the American people are a fast one.

R. H. M.,

Co. I, 6th Infantry, C. V.
—Virginia Enterprise.

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